

Learning

Concert pianist in the Times alludes to checking his jacket
is free at the butt, won't jam thus into armpits,

binding arms. After, I'm leaving Acme Market
and ad hoc trashcan says "Bun Smear #1."

Now, it would hardly do if, already in a hissy fit
well before the downbeat of the Butte Symphony,

(espresso weak on the range, over limp croissants) he
had to rotate to the cowboys and whores and lisp
"I find it impoth-ible to pro-theed."

And, "Where's the fuckin #1?" roars the huge-
ly hungover baker at 4 am. (He had slept an hour.)

Well, those are 2 things I learned today
As a Good American, it's what you do with them.